

"Like the Ice"

By Breanna Mekuly

Some say it's the wind that brings us together
in pieces
battered and broken.
Here it is we gather -
wherever "here" is, I suppose.
I can't find fullness
but I can see the colors of the evening sky mesh
blue to purple to pink to orangish;
without the clouds it's like they are all one.
So completed. So absolute.
But it comes too early.
I was only away for a moment
and already the world has turned dark.
It's too early.
How can it come together, so perfectly,
for only just a moment?
Can we, too, do the same this eve?
Let the wind bring our broken selves
to this corner of this Lake
where at least we won't be alone for a while.